

Bible. of. Prayers
A

PARAPHRASE

On a select Number of the

PSALMS of DAVID;

Done from the *Latin* of BUCHANAN.

To which are added,

Some Occasional PIECES.

Quæ lingua fundit verba, quod in sinu
Secum volutat mens tacito, accipe
Placatus, O nostræ Salutis
Arx, Dominus, Deus, & Redemptor.

Still may my Prayers and Meditations find
Access to Thee, O my Almighty Lord,
My Fortrefs, my Redeemer, and my God!
BUCHAN. Psalm xix. 14.

By JAMES FANCH.



L O N D O N:

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P A R A P H R A S E

P A R A P H R A S E

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BY JAMES F. A. M. C. H.

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P R E F A C E.

NOTHING lies more open to Censure than translating out of one Language into another, since the Idioms of almost all Languages do so widely differ: how far I may have succeeded, or in what particular Instances I may have transgressed the stricter Laws of Versifying, I freely submit to the Judgment of the candid and ingenuous Reader, who may be a competent Judge of my present Undertaking, not doubting of his making all reasonable Allowances for human Errors; and if hereafter some able Hand will undertake a complete Translation of *Buchanan's Psalms*, I shall sincerely Rejoice in his Success.

*Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non his utere mecum.*

As to the more common Opinion of Mankind it is to no Purpose to say much, for let me Excuse, Apologize, or Vindicate as long as I possibly can, yet after all, my Readers will think and say just what they please.

Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli.

*Ramsay, (Hants.)
May 6, 1763.*

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PSALM I.

HAPPY the Man, whom from the perfect Way
No impious Herd of Sinners leads astray;
Whose steady Soul pursues one grand Design
Thro' Paths of Truth; nor can with Scorners join:
Scorners! that baneful Pest of human Kind,
To his pure Heart can no Admittance find;
But still attentive to the heavenly Laws,
Sure Guides to Life, from them his Pleasure draws;
While, Night and Day, that ever sacred Roll
Conveys immortal Vigour to his Soul:
Like some fair Tree, plac'd by a River's Side,
He in full Strength and Verdure shall abide;
Nor burning *Sirius* * with his fiery Ray,
Nor Winter-Frost shall make his Leaf decay:
On every Bough refulgent Bounty smiles,
And joyful Plenty crowns the Dresher's Toils;
As Years revolve his Fruits in Season come;
Nor mock the Owner's Hope with falling Bloom.

To wicked Men are no such Blessings given;
Unknowing, Lawless, Enemies to Heaven.
Tho' their presumptuous Hope attempt the Sky,
'Twill soon decay, and in Confusion die;
Like Clouds of Dust which sudden Whirlwinds rear,
And sportive Gales roll swift thro' empty Air.
For when the Judge from his high radiant Throne,
To all the World shall make his Sentence known,
B Impiety,

* The Dog-Star.

Impiety, unmask'd, no more shall dare
 Before his Bar its wretched Visage rear :
 No more attempt, with fraudulent Design,
 To mix with Saints, and in their Numbers join ;
 Since God regards with kind paternal Care
 The Just, the Good, unfeignedly Sincere ;
 But Falshood, trac'd thro' all its crooked Maze,
 Condemn'd, accurs'd, shall Sinners end their Days.



P S A L M II.

WHY does the World amaz'd in Tumults rise?
 Why with such restless Rage affront the
 Skies?

Princes, and Tyrants, on their lawless Throne,
 Their Councils join, their Powers unite in one,
 Against the LORD, and his anointed SON :

“ No more, say they, let Powers eternal reign,
 “ And gall our Necks with their coercive chain.”

But HE above, omnipotently strong
 To rule on Earth and roll the Stars along,
 Scorning their feeble Rage, —
 Incens'd shall speak ; and from his lofty Throne
 On their blind Schemes shed dire Confusion down :
 “ Vain are your Plots, your Insolence is vain ;
 “ On *Sion's* Height my KING shall ever reign :
 “ Him, uncontested Delegate I crown,
 “ O'er all the Earth to make my Orders known.”

Thus

P S A L M II. III.

3

Thus spake the LORD to Me, — “Thou art my Son
 “ This Day begot. Request of me a Throne;
 “ A Throne is thine: Rule Thou from Pole to
 “ Pole,
 “ As far as Earth extends, or Billows roll.
 “ Thy Iron Sceptre shall thy Foes dismay;
 “ Nor Years nor Ages terminate thy Sway:
 “ Without Control o’er all the Globe preside,
 “ And crush at Will the daring Sons of Pride;
 “ No more shall stubborn Foesthy Power withstand
 “ Than brittle Clay resists the Potter’s Hand.”

O therefore Ye, by Heaven ordain’d to rise
 To lofty Thrones and Judgment-seats, be wise!
 Let awful Fear your deepest Thought employ,
 And solemn Reverence moderate your Joy.
 Obey the SON commission’d from the Skies,
 Lest, on Neglect, his just Repentment rise:
 For when his Anger but begins to burn,
 And seize the Wretch who dares rebellious turn,
 How happy they who on his Favour rest,
 Shall be by you and all the World confest.



P S A L M III.

O LORD, what numerous Factions rise
 To vex my Soul with Taunts and Lies!
 What vile, abandon’d Wretches join,
 Who make my Ruin their Design!

With Insolence they loudly boast
 That all my Hope in God is lost;
 While thine eternal Buckler's Shade
 On hostile Plains secures my Head;
 While thy Indulgence spreads my Fame,
 And Glory forms my Diadem.
 When sable Night o'er spreads the Skies
 To God my Invocations rise,
 And from his Hill he hears my Cries.
 While Eyes divine in Safety keep
 And watch my Pillow as I sleep,
 I take my Rest releas'd from Care,
 And rise without distressing Fear.
 Not num'rous Legions, all in Arms,
 Shall move me with their dire Alarms;
 Nor need I faint with deep Surprise,
 Should every Land that round me lies
 In all its barbarous Fury rise;
 God will my Front with Courage fire,
 And guard my Rear when I retire:
 My Foes shall fall, vile Savage Band!
 Crush'd by his strong, resistless Hand.
 LORD! since with Thee alone is Safety found,
 With bounteous Grace thy People still surround.

P S A L M III.

P S A L M

P S A L M XVIII.

THEE, gracious God! all merciful and kind,
 Parent divine! Thee I will ever love,
 Thee I will serve with every inmost Power.
 Thou art my only Strength, Protection, Fortrefs,
 My Hope, my Comfort in extreme Distress,
 My warlike Arms, my Buckler of Defence,
 In every Storm the Anchor of my Safety,
 My Port, my Station of Tranquillity;
 For, soon as e'er my Lips attempt thy Praise,
 With duteous Awe imploring grateful Peace,
 Forthwith the Hostile Arms from me withdraw;
 Down from the Skies to me Salvation flies,
 And in her Train sweet Peace on placid Wing.
 Now had stern grisly Death, in dreadful Form,
 His fatal Nets around me circumvolv'd:
 Hemm'd in with baleful Ills, like torrent Waves;
 And close beleagu'r'd with the gaping Grave,
 My Feet were with infernal Shackles bound,
 And downward dragg'd within the hamp'ring
 Snare:

Surrounded thus with complicate Distress
 My God I sought with ardent Supplication,
 And high as starry Worlds I rais'd my Cry;
 Soon as the Sound arriv'd above he heard,
 And from his blazing Throne of Majesty
 Inclined to my Complaint a gracious Ear.
 A sudden Tremor seiz'd the affrighted Globe
 At the Approach of her Creator-God:

With loosned Base the towering Mountains shake,
And sound with hollow Roar from inmost Caves:
With breathful Blast a smoaky Torrent wav'd
Dire from his Nostrils; from his Mouth the Flames
Pour out with rapid Force in twisted Whirls,
That kindled vivid Sparkles where they glanc'd.
Obedient Heaven its lofty Summit bow'd
With low Submission, at the dread Command,
To clear the Way to Earth's inferior Orb,
For the descending Sovereign of the Skies:
Brown Shades of Darkness spread beneath his Feet.
Riding sublime on swiftly flying Car
Ethereal; poiz'd on Cherub's flamy Wing,
Holding the Reins, with certain Course he steers
Swift on the Wind's light Pinions thro' the Air.

Now, all around his Majesty infolds
In dusky Robes reflecting yellow Light,
And thickning still and deep'ning into Gloom;
Then cross the Sky extends, a dreadful Length,
Huge pitchy Waves up-born in hollow Clouds:
Dire, from his Eyes keen Darts of brandish'd Flame
Disperse the awful Shade with potent Shine:
Down pours a crashing Shower of stony Hail;
And vagant Flames play round in winding Volumes.
But soon as Nature's universal LORD
Had with tremendous Voice the Silence broke,
All Heav'n, at once, aloud, peals horrid Thunder;
The startling Earth returns a jarring Sound,
Beat with down-pouring Hail's thick-battering
Storm:

Incessant

Incessant Fires blaze through the broken Clouds;
And Arrows, bearded with ethereal Flame,
Fly rapid through the mighty Void of Heaven;
Lightnings with fierce redoubled Fury burn:
Earth, agonizing with repeated Shocks,
Rives horrible, and through the gaping Cleft
Her deepest Caves and inmost Springs are seen;
Her low Foundation opens to the Centre,
And the black Doors of ancient Night unbar.

Thus dreadful thunders the eternal Voice;
Thus fiercely rage the Blasts of Wrath divine.

His saving right Hand, from above stretch'd out,
Took me, when drowning, from the rapid Waves:
He snatch'd me from the Hand of pow'rful Foes,
And turn'd the Edge of their inveterate Spleen.
In deep Distress he timely Succour brought,
When lurking Fraud had Art to Envy join'd:
Through mazy Ills he made an open Way,
And sav'd from Death the Fav'rite of his Care.

The God who saw my Heart, my Hand was clean
From unjust War, rais'd me to just Renown:
Nor Crime, nor Error of depraved Minds
From Truth's plain Tract could turn my Steps
aside:

My God rever'd, as Witness to each Deed,
Secur'd my strict Regard to sacred Truth,
And fix'd entire my inmost Bent of Soul
To shun alluring Vice and fraudulent Arts:
For this the God, sole Arbiter of all,
Whose piercing Eye looks thro' the Hearts of Men,

Gave me to reap the Fruit of upright Life,
And dealt to Innocence a rich Reward.

Great Sovereign of this peopled Universe!
Whoever contemplates thy bright Perfections
Shall find thy Dealings answer to his Deeds;
The pitying Friend shall find a Friend in Thee;
The Innocent a Guard to Innocence;
The Good and Just shall know Thee just and good;
The Wretch whose Wisdom is mischievous Art,
Shall know thy Wisdom in his Overthrow:
Thy Power relieves the Poor in deep Distress,
And throws the haughty Scorners headlong down.
Me, once obscur'd amid the vulgar Throng,
Thy Hand has rais'd, and thy Indulgence plac'd
In the strong Light of public Eminence.
Thro' the deep Phalanx, cas'd in brasen Arms,
With dreadful Blaze, led on by Thee, I break,
And spring triumphant o'er the guarded Wall.

As certain as the God of Truth is just,
So sure his Grace will make Salvation known
To duteous Souls in all its heavenly Forms:
Each Word proceeding from his sacred Mouth
Surpasses Gold refin'd with many a Fire:
The trustful Breast, on his sure Word reclin'd,
He guards with his impenetrable Shield;
Nor leaves to sink in manifold Distress.

Say, ye that worship feign'd celestial Powers
In the dull Model of a painted Log,
Or polish'd Ivory, or the labour'd Stone,
Is there another Sovereign of the Skies

Able

Able to hold the Reins of Government?
 Another God whose unresisted Hand
 Can rule the World, and sway it as he will?
 This is the God, whose living Power I feel
 Rebrace my Nerves, grown slack with Toils of War;
 Who guides my Conduct safe from Infamy;
 Makes my Feet swifter than the bounding Roe;
 From dreadful Dangers sets me safe on high,
 In stubborn Fight, when Victory hovers doubtful,
 Gives me to wield my Arms with dextrous Art,
 To bend the stiff reluctant brasen bow *,
 Unbent, to break it with resistless Might;
 With his Salvation covers me around,
 A sure Defence, a Buckler all divine:
 Fainting, his right Hand brings immediate Aid;
 His kind Indulgence makes my Wealth increase;
 His guardian Power secures my doubtful Steps
 Thro' tractless Wilds, and fatal Ambuscades,
 Nor leaves my Feet to stumble on the Snare.

Sustain'd by Thee, my strong confederate God,
 I push the Conquest o'er my vanquish'd Foes;
 Nor leave the Field till with decisive Stroke,
 Crush'd to the Soul, nor able to repair
 Their late felt Ruins by the Force of Arms,
 Low at my Feet the haughty Captives fall.

Almighty God, thy living Power I feel
 Glow thro' my Limbs and brace each Nerve anew:

From

* Brass tempered and hardned after the manner of the Ancients, &c. See *Ainsworth* on the Place, with *Pool's Annotations* on this Place, and *Job* xx. 24.

From Thee I learn the Mystery of War,
 The dread decisive Battle how to plan,
 To form the Siege, to scale the hostile Tower,
 Guarded by Thee, whoe'er against me rise
 Thy certain Vengeance levels with the Ground:
 My Foes subdu'd by thy vindictive Hand,
 Dismay and abject Horror fills their Mind:
 In vain to Man, in vain to God they cry;
 Nor Man Relief, nor God Compassion gives.
 As stormy Winds drive thro' the Clouds of Dust,
 I pour impetuous Death amid their Host,
 Till under Foot, like Mire that spreads the Street,
 Their Carnage lies all horrid and obscene.

From rural Life, unknown to vulgar Fame,
 Thy gracious Hand has rais'd me to a Throne,
 To hold the awful Reins of Government.
 To rule the State, and curb the factious Throng.
 Thy Favour spreads my Honour far and wide,
 Ev'n barbarous States, scarce known to me by
 Name,

Struck with the sudden Terror of my Arms,
 With low Submission feign'd Alliance seek,
 Not firmly trusting to their strongest Walls.

Dominion, Honour, Glory to the LORD!
 Who shields my Breast, and guides my warring
 Arm;

When plung'd in thickest Dangers of the Fight,
 Saves me unhurt from near impending Death;
 Forbids my Fear, and gives me Thought serene
 Amid the thund'ring Tumult of the Fight:
 When Civil War in all its Fury burns,

He

He guards my Throne; when Civil Treason plots,
He pours Infatuation on the Scheme.

Parent divine! thy everlasting Praise
My Tongue shall celebrate in grateful Song;
To heathen Lands I'll spread thy wondrous Works,
Whose all-disposing Providence defends
Thy Fav'rite King in every deep Distress;
Whose Bounty crowns his Reign with flowing
Wealth.

Favour full-beam'd on thy Anointed shines,
And on his Race, till Day shall shine no more.



P S A L M XIX.

O Graceless Tribes, on impious Error bent,
Elaborate in wise Absurdities *,
Behold yon Heav'ns glitt'ring with starry Flames;
Look up, and learn how wise the Architect,
Whose Skill divine his pensile Temple hung
High in the Concave of ethereal Light;
And molded into one capacious Globe
The half-round Ocean with the Continent!

Constant as Day pursues Night's flying Rear,
And rallying Night treads on the Heel of Day
Alternately in everlasting round,
These shew — “ the variated Lights on high
“ Roll

* *Parcus Deorum cultor & infrequens,
Infanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro —*

" Roll thro' the Void with no uncertain Course,
 " Nor rise by Chance; nor set by Accident;
 " But the whole sparkling Fabric of the Sky
 " Proclaim the God omnipotent and wise."
 Nor yet descends the monitory Voice
 To teach a few, with parsimonious Sound;
 For not a barbarous Land, howe'er remote
 From clement Skies, or from the letter'd World,
 But knows, by constant Observation taught,
 Some wise, unseen, determinating Power,
 Must guide the rolling Glories of the Pole.

Who nightly views, without a new Surprise,
 The Stars, those everlasting Lamps of Heaven?
 Or when, as from his Tent, the Prince of Day
 Remounts the Horizon with burning Wheel,
 Or rising radiant from the eastern Wave,
 As shines the Youth new from his bridal-Room
 With sparkling Crown, with Robes of flaming
 Gold;

Or when, to fix the Bound of Light and Shade,
 He like some Giant of enormous Strength
 With hastning Chariot drives the flying Day
 Precipitant down the impending Steep?

The East his starting Place, the West his Goal;
 Thro' all the Vast of Heaven his Race extends,
 Thro' distant Constellations * of the Sky:
 Thro' every Part of the terraqueous Globe
 His Influence, Fervour, Life and Vigour glow,
 Warm the bleak Poles, and animate the Year.

Yet

* *Sidera Obliqua,*

Yet not the Order of the heavenly Frame,
With all its Glories sparkling on the Sight,
So deep engage the meditating Mind,
So much command the intellectual Powers,
So bow the inmost Soul to Piety
With Heart-felt Pleasure as the *Sacred Word*.

The Promises of everlasting Truth
Irradiate the Soul with heavenly Shine,
Confirm the frail, the fluctuating Heart,
And awful Truth which reprehends for Sin,
Compensates for Remorse with Peace of Mind;
Precepts divine enlarge the mental Powers
By pouring in pure intellectual Light.
Religion sacred to the Deity,
With uncorrupted Worship ever bright,
Nor Years, nor Ages alter or impair.
Heav'n's just Decrees vindictive Truth secures
As writ in Tables of eternal Brass:
Sweeter than Honey *these*, brighter than Gold,
Of Worth exceeding Gems of highest Price.
These, lock'd within the inmost of my Heart,
Their Admonitions render Life secure,
And conscious Duty finds a great Reward.

With strongest Memory who can recollect,
With strongest Judgment who can comprehend,
The various endless Wanderings of his Mind?
LORD, while insidious Error pours in Sin,
Let constant Grace purge off the daily Stain:
O save me from Presumption's lawless Reign,
Lest in my Heart it arrogate the Throne:

This

This Grace obtain'd, will happily release
Thy Servant from the worst of Tyranny.

May yet my Prayers and Meditations find
Access to Thee, O my Almighty LORD,
My Fortrefs, my Redeemer, and my God!



P S A L M XXIII.

Done from the English Translation.

I.

THE LORD, my SHEPHERD, safely guides,
And constantly for me provides;
I cannot want a sure Defence,
Or suffer through his Negligence.
To flow'ry Meads, in sweetest Air,
He leads me with indulgent Care.

How blest am I, who always find
Pastures so sweet! Shepherd so kind!

II.

On Mossy Banks, by crystal Streams
Gilt with the Sun's refreshing Beams,
I oft my weary Head recline,
And sleep in Arms of Love divine.
His heavenly Favours daily shed
The choicest Blessings on my Head.

How blest am I, who always find
Pastures so sweet! Shepherd so kind!

When

III.

When like a simple Sheep I stray,
Neglect my Guide and lose my Way,
His gentle Care conducts again
My Steps to his delightful Plain;
A willing Captive, now I own
That Rest remains with him alone.

How blest am I, who always find
Pasture so sweet! Shepherd so kind!

IV.

My Foes disarm'd, all standing round,
Behold my Board with Plenty crown'd;
The generous Vine my Cup supplies
With Wine like that of Paradise;
While heavenly Bounty chearful smiles,
And every anxious Care beguiles.

How blest am I, who always find
Pasture so sweet! Shepherd so kind!

V.

But what's to come? — Suppose the worst;
A dying Bed: — Nay, die I must.
What Room have I for anxious Fear
When my Protector is so near,
Whose Crook and Staff long since have prov'd
Dear Evidence how much he lov'd?

How blest am I, who always find
Pasture so sweet! Shepherd so kind!

P S A L M LI.

I.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, good and kind
 To praying Souls of humble Mind,
 Ever attentive to the Sighs
 That from repenting Bosoms rise,
 Wash Thou my Stains.

II.

From every Crime, enormous foul,
 So thoroughly cleanse my spotted Soul,
 Till every Power of Nature shine
 Brighter than Gold, tho' Art refine
 With many a Fire.

III.

With Guilt and Shame, alas! I own,
 Ah, wretched Me! the Crimes I've done;
 The fearful Crimes before my Eyes
 In all their ghastly Horrors rise
 For ever new!

IV.

'Tis thine, Great GOD! 'tis thine alone,
 To know and judge what I have done,
 So shall thine awful Sentence be
 From all Exception ever free
 Of erring Men.

V.

With my scarce-finish'd Form began
 A Taint that through my Nature ran,

And

And as expanding Vigour grew,
From my infected Stem I drew

The Seeds of Ill.*

VI.

This is the Heart, and this alone
Of candid Truth, to Guile unknown;
Of Faith unfeign'd, unshaken, pure;
Form'd every Trial to endure

Thy Grace || approves.

VII.

What Grace approves, Mercy ordains,
Removing past atrocious Stains,
So shall my Soul thy righteous Law
From Wisdom's purest Fountain draw

With Gust divine.

VIII.

O may thy sacred Hyssop prove
The Pledge of reconciling Love!
Kind Father! thou delight'st to save;
Then o'er my Soul let Mercy wave

The Branch divine.

IX.

So shall my Stains of deepest Dye
Remove from thy severer Eye;
And all my Powers and Passions wear
More beauteous Marks of Bright and Fair

Than falling Snow.

C

Wilt

* Quippe jam primo scelus usque ab ortu
Hæret, infectas vitians medullas;
Deque conceptu genetricis hausi

Semina labis.

|| i. e. Holiness.

X.

Wilt thou, all-gracious, from above
 Thy Message send of pard'ning Love?
 This shall revive my fainting Heart,
 And kindle Life in every Part

Through all my Frame;

XI.

Nor with severe and dreadful Eye
 For ever mark Iniquity;
 O let my Sins appear no more
 Within thy Book a fearful Score

Of crimson Dye!

XII.

Create my Heart all pure and clean,
 And form my Spirit right within;
 A new-rai'd Temple to express
 The living Glories of thy Grace,

O God of Power!

XIII.

Thy heavenly Smile to me return,
 Nor let my Soul at Distance mourn;
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 That blessed Guardian of my Heart,

Aggriev'd anew;

XIV.

Return, and let my Spirit prove
 The solid Joys of Saving Love:
 Let thy Almighty Grace controul
 The Rebel-Passions of my Soul,

And fix my Heart.

By

XV.

By me shall Sinners learn thy Way,
Whom Folly has seduc'd astray;
Wand'ers, by my Example won,
To thy Commands their Duty own

As heretofore;

XVI.

Great SAVIOUR, merciful and good!
Purge with thine all-atoning Blood
The Sinner that deserves to die
For Murder, vile Impiety

Beyond a Name.

XVII.

Then shall my thankful Tongue express
Thy heav'nly Grace and Righteousness,
That Mercy can the Guilty save,
By Justice sentenc'd to the Grave,

With equal Praise.

XVIII.

Unclose those Lips to speak thy Name
So long seal'd up with Guilt and Shame,
My feeble Voice assist, and raise
To sweet harmonious Sounds of Praise

In Notes divine.

XIX.

Thy Praise renew'd shall cease no more,
But spread abroad to every Shore;
Thy glorious Wonders shall adorn
My Song, and Ages yet unborn

Adore thy Name.

XX.

Were sacred Victims thy Demand
 I'd pour their Blood with joyful Hand;
 — No bleeding Goat thine Altar claims,
 No Sacrifice in hallow'd Flames

Is thy Delight;

XXI.

God's Sacrifice are Souls that mourn,
 With inward deep Contrition torn:
 The Heart abhorring to endure
 That lurking Fraud or Lust impure

Should rest within:

XXII.

The Breast with pure Devotion warm,
 Detesting Sin in every Form;
 Devoid of Incense, these shall rise
 To Heaven a grateful Sacrifice,

And God approve.

XXIII.

Father of Men! Since Grace is thine,
 On *Sion*-Hill let Mercy shine;
 To happy *Salem* Smiles extend,
 And may celestial Peace defend

Her beauteous Towers.

XXIV.

Then shall the sacred Vows be paid
 Which pious Souls to Thee have made,
 New Victims at thy Altar bleed,
 And many a Sacrifice shall feed

The Flame divine.

P S A L M LXXIX.

21

P S A L M LXXIX.

ETERNAL GOD, of boundless Majesty,
 LORD of the Earth, and Sovereign of the Sky!
 O why with furious unrelenting Rage
 Do impious Foes invade thy Heritage?
 Behold how hostile Infidels impose
 Their Pagan Rites where once thy Temple rose!
 See *Salem* once the Darling of the Skies
 Eras'd, one horrid Heap of Ruin lies.
 Thy murder'd Saints, expos'd in open Air,
 Devouring Beasts and rav'nous Vultures tear;
 Thro' every Street a crimson Torrent pours
 Like Water swell'd with thick descending Showers;
 No friendly Hand obtains the gentle Leave
 To hide their mangled Bodies in the Grave;
 Living or dead, with Dolours overborn,
 To all around us we're a public Scorn.

Say, Heavenly Father, when wilt thou restrain
 Thy rising Wrath from our devoted Plain;
 Or shall thy Anger burn and never spare,
 Like raging Fire, with one eternal Glare?
 O rather turn that furious pointed Flame
 On impious Nations Strangers to thy Name!
 Or, if inform'd of thy eternal Reign,
 Of Prayer neglectful, know thy Name in vain:
 Who bend their Arms the pious to destroy;
 And burn their Cities with malicious Joy.

Great Parent of the Universe! remind
 Past Sins no more, nor Cause of Anger find;

But, looking down with Mercy in thine Eye,
 Old Crimes forgive, and lay thy Thunder by:
 Draw near with Grace, thou Anchor of our Soul,
 While heavy Storms and dreadful Tempests roll:
 Appeas'd at Length tow'rd's mourning *Palestine*,
 To all the World so let thy Glory shine
 That graceless Souls may cease to ask in Scorn
 If God has left us wretched and forlorn.

Thou, just Avenger of the Wrongs we feel,
 On murd'rous Bands turn their own reeking Steel:
 Make those now proud of Blood and Slaughter
 know,

A God of Vengeance rules the Earth below;
 Attend with kind Compassion to the Cries
 That to thy Throne from dismal Dungeons rise;
 With pow'rful Arm disjoin the fatal Chain,
 And free the Pris'ners destin'd to be slain:
 Blaspheming Foes, eternal Judge! survey
 Their Scorn with Scorn, their Blood with Blood
 repay:

So we, thy Flock, with heavenly Pasture blest,
 And made beneath thy guardian Wing to rest,
 In grateful Strains thy Praises will prolong
 From Age to Age, like one eternal Song.

P S A L M XC.

I.

GREAT GOD! whose Throne is fix'd on high,
 LORD of the Armies of the Sky *!

Since

* Cœlitum rector bone.

Since Time and Season roll'd along
 O'er Earth and Ocean, rude and young,
 Still, constant, kind, assisting Grace
 Thy Servants, labouring in Distress,
 Have ever found.

II.

From teeming Earth ere Hills could rise,
 With Groves high waving in the Skies;
 Ere lucid Glories of the Sky
 First ting'd the Mountain-tops on high;
 Ere the bright Sun began his Round,
 Or thy dread Order fix'd the Bound
 Of Light and Shade.

III.

Parent divine! Thou art alone
 To Rise, to End, to Change unknown:
 (All Things to Thee their Being owe;
 On Thee depend while Seasons flow:)
 Before, beyond the utmost Bound
 Where Years and Ages circle round,
 For ever G O D.

IV.

Thy Frown consumes the little Span,
 The short, the wretched Life of Man;
 Certain as Minutes roll away
 Our Flesh is doom'd to sure Decay,
 Until, with Age unactive grown,
 Our feeble Texture moulders down
 To putrid Soil.

V.

A thousand Years to thy Survey
 Are like the Hours of Yesterday,
 Few Hours, with dawning Light begun,
 And finish'd with the setting Sun ;
 A moving Point one scarce perceives
 When present, and when absent leaves
 No Trace behind.

VI.

Our Life, with all its Toil and Care,
 Dissolves away in empty Air,
 Like Waves that float the sandy Shore,
 Then shrink from View and rise no more ;
 Or as a Phantom of the Night
 Glides by the weak deluded Sight,
 And scarce is seen.

VII.

Or like the Grass that springs to View,
 Flush'd into Life with vernal Dew,
 Tho' glittering with the rising Sun,
 Begins to faint by sultry Noon ;
 'Anon, beneath the Mower's Hand
 Swept down, all wither'd strows the Land
 By closing Day.

VIII.

But worse than all the Ills that can
 Conspire to torture dying Man,
 The sharpest Ills that Life annoy,
 The bitter mix'd with every Joy ;
 The keenest Pang that can be born ;
 Is, while our Breasts with Anguish mourn
 Thy fearful Ire.
 Our

IX.

Our every Error, every Sin,
 Presumptuous Boldness, Rage or Spleen,
 The Guilt that Fear with Art conceals,
 The Crime that Shame in Darkness veils;
 Each boiling Passion in our Breast
 In thy dread Presence stands confest,
 Thou Judge of all!

X.

The Soul, made conscious of thy Frown,
 While dreadful Wrath is pouring down,
 Appal'd, and trembling still to view
 Plague after Plague, Sin's righteous Due,
 Life, double-wing'd, betakes to Flight,
 And rising Hours dart out of Sight
 As swift as Thought.

XI.

The Term of Life, at most, appears,
 When drawn at Length, but seventy Years;
 More hard, and stiffn'd to the Rage
 Of Sickness, Pain, and mould'ring Age:
 Some onward press beyond the Goal,
 And haply see the Planets roll
 Ten Seasons more:

XII.

Dim worn-out Life what can express!
 Laborious painful Wretchedness!
 The Spring of Life has its Alloy,
 'Tis short, and knows no solid Joy,
 Flies off with Sickness, Pain and Care,
 Swift as the whirling Gusts of Air
 From eastern Skies;
 Then,

xiii.

Then, LORD, what Satisfaction can
 Thy Justice gain from sinful Man?
 Were Crimes that guilty Hands have done
 Severely censur'd one by one,
 Could he that faints with mortal Wo
 Thy Shock of Vengeance undergo,
 Or Life atone?

xiv.

So, Heav'nly FATHER, by thy Grace,
 So teach us to compute our Days,
 Our short-liv'd Days, our flying Hours,
 Till sacred Truth command our Powers;
 Till, from each fordid Passion free,
 Our Souls its lovely Beauties see
 In Light divine.

xv.

Appeas'd, at length thy Smiles return,
 And let thy Wrath no longer burn;
 O visit with thy wonted Grace
 Thy Servants labouring in Distress!
 Remind thy Mercy's dear Design,
 And raise with Lenity divine
 Their fainting Souls.

xvi.

Thy bounteous Goodness, LORD, impart,
 And fill with Joy our drooping Heart
 In thine Indulgence may we rest,
 ('Tis there that wretched Man is blest)
 Releas'd from Soul-consuming Care,
 Exalted Pleasure may we share

In future Days.

Dispel

XVII.

Dispel the Gloom we inly mourn ;
 Let Gladness brighten in its turn ;
 Till, equal to our tedious Wo,
 Pleasures in long Succession flow ;
 Strong Pleasures, able to controul
 The bitter Memory in our Soul

Of former Years.

XVIII.

Make to thy pious Servants known
 The wondrous Works thy Hand has done,
 And let thy Glories all divine
 Down to their Race through Ages shine ;
 The happy Race whom Goodness draws,
 In dear Devotion to thy Laws,

To show their Zeal.

XIX.

Dread Sovereign ! whose Almighty Sway
 This Earth, and Worlds unknown obey,
 On Souls devoted to be thine
 Let heav'nly Mercy ever shine ;
 Their pious Labours deign to own,
 Aid them while doing, and when done,

Accept and blefs.



P S A L M CXVII.

I.

FROM every Land let Praises rise
 To Him who built the Earth and Skies ;

The

28 P S A L M CXVII. CXIX.

The Great, the Good; let Praises run
Wide as the Circuit of the Sun;

II.

His heavenly Bounty joy to own,
To us, his People, ever shown;
His constant Truth, which shall endure,
And make his Promise ever sure.



P S A L M CXIX.

First Part.

BLESS'D is the Man whose nobler Powers incline
To trace the Footsteps of the Law divine;
Thrice happy who the teaching God obey,
The pure from Stain, the upright in the Way;
By thee, O God, with strict Injunction given;
Severe the Rules, yet tending all to Heaven.

Confirm my wavering Steps, that I may prove
By strict Obedience undissembled Love:
For ever fix'd thy Dictates to pursue
With steady Course, with undeclining View,
From Heart sincere then shall my Praises rise
To thee, blest Guide of Truth! a Sacrifice.
My every Power determines to obey;
To thee resign'd, O leave me not to stray!

Second Part.

What shall the Steps of erring Youth reclaim?
Say, heavenly Wisdom, Oracle supreme!

Let

Let strict Attention to the sacred Roll
 Each harmful Deed, each devious Wish controll.
 To thee alone my labouring Passions bend,
 Let Guardian-grace my fainting Soul defend.
 Left from thy Ways my wav'ring Feet should slide
 Thy sacred Word I in my Bosom hide.
 Dread Power! within whose boundless Empire lie
 This pendant Ball, this all-enfolding Sky,
 Teach me thy sacred Rule of Equity :
 So let thy Word my Lips with Pleasure move,
 So let my Soul with every Power approve,
 So let my Thoughts these heavenly Mines explore,
 'Till Wealth grows vile, till Gold can blaze no
 more :
 These still pursue, on these my Hours employ,
 Here toil, here rest with Wonder and with Joy ;
 Nor dire Oblivion e'er one Shadow roll
 To blot their living Image from my Soul.

Third Part.

Deal bounteous Favours to thy Servant still,
 That he may live to know and do thy Will ;
 Inlarge my Prospect of thy Law divine,
 'Till radiant Grace thro' every Sentence shine.
 Thy Truth, so oft implor'd to be my Guide,
 O never from an humble Stranger hide !
 Thy gracious Laws my restless Soul inspire
 With ardent Pangs of strong, intense Desire.
 Eternal Foe to Insolence profane !
 Judge thou my Wrong, my righteous Cause
 maintain ;

The

The Rich, elate with Insolence and Pride,
 My strict Attachment to thy Law deride
 For I persist obedient to thy Will,
 Thy Laws consult, and love thy Precepts still.

Fourth Part.

My Spirit languishes, my Pow'rs decline,
 Cheer with thy Word this fainting Heart of mine:
 Parent divine! to thee I've fought alone,
 To thee I've made my inmost Wishes known;
 Teach me, O God! thy Guidance I implore,
 When Wisdom fails, when Counsel is no more;
 Shine forth with heavenly Light upon my Ways, }
 My fainting Heart with pow'rful Comfort raise, }
 So shall my Life be sacred to thy Praise.
 Far from my Soul chase Falshood and Design,
 That cordial Love with conscious Truth may join.
 Thy perfect Rule I constantly pursue;
 Thy Institutes are ever in my View;
 Thy Law is deep engraven on my Heart,
 Cleaves to my Powers, possesses every Part;
 LORD, in thy sacred Name is all my Trust,
 Leave not my Hope to sink into the Dust!

Fifth Part.

Sole Fountain Thou of Cov'nant-Grace and Law!
 All heav'nly bright thy Path of Precept draw,
 'Till Cov'nant-Grace and Law, since both are thine,
 My inmost Powers imbibe with Gust divine;
 Ceaseless thy every Institute explore,
 'Till Life expire, and Days shall be no more:

That

That thy Commands my strict Attention share,
 Unbend my Soul from every sordid Care;
 From every charming Ill avert my Eyes,
 Lest they imbibe ensnaring Vanities,
 Revive my fainting Heart; let grateful Joy,
 And duteous Love my inmost Thoughts employ:
 O turn away Reproach, prevent my Fears,
 For, all my Soul thy righteous Law reveres.
 Great Arbitrer of Heaven! Deliverance send;
 On Clemency and Truth my Hopes depend;
 Let not my Cause in shameful Ruin end;
 Thy Precepts I embrace with Passion pure,
 Let sacred Truth devoted Love secure.

Sixth Part.

Thou God of Help, all-merciful and kind,
 Thy constant Faith of Covenant remind;
 Then I the Sinner's dumb Disgrace shall see,
 Who now reviles my Confidence in Thee.
 Of my Salvation Thou the only Stay,
 From pleading Lips take not thy Truth away *.

In deep Attention fix'd on Truth divine
 Thy Word I read, and study none but thine;
 Nor would I cease to speak, tho' Kings were by
 In all their sternest Airs of Majesty;
 Nor should the glaring Splendor of a Throne
 Make one frail Blush unchanging Truth disown;
 As thy Commands have ever been my Care
 My best Affection these shall ever share;

To

* *q. d.* O God! deny me not to plead thy Promises, those
 Pledges of thy Truth and Faithfulness.

To their safe Conduct I resign my Ways;
 To these devote the Remnant of my Days;
 My zealous Hands shall clasp them with Delight,
 My joyful Tongue declare them "just and right;"
 These o'er and o'er my active Thought shall roll,
 The pleasing Toil of my attentive Soul.

Seventh Part.

Remember, LORD, that Cov'nant Word of thine,
 On which firm Pillar all my Hopes recline:
 When drown'd in Grief, this Consolation gives;
 When Sick, this from the Jaws of Death retrieves.
 Tho' greatly scorn'd by all the Sons of Pride,
 I'll serve Thee still, and in thy Truth confide;
 Thy Word, whene'er my Soul is sore distress'd,
 Shall be the constant Centre of my Rest.
 To see the Sinner hate thy just Controul,
 Reflects the deepest Horror to my Soul.
 A Pilgrim here, my weary Hours and long
 Thy Word shall cheer with sweet celestial Song:
 The silent Shades, when on my Bed reclin'd,
 My strict Observance of thy Law remind;
 This full Employment finds for all my Care,
 My Joy, my Trust, my Labour, Love, and Fear.

Eighth Part.

To keep thy Law, thy Glory to advance,
 This, LORD, is Riches, Hope, Inheritance;
 The full Enjoyment of thy promis'd Grace
 Is all my utmost Wishes would embrace;

T'amend

T' amend my Ways, and form my Life anew
 I former Deeds with strictest Search review;
 Revolve in Thought thy Precept Day and Night,
 (Eternal Standard this of Just and Right)
 Inspir'd by this my active Pow'rs incline
 Without Delay to keep thy Law divine.
 Adoring Thee, my Spirit wakeful keeps;
 And oft I rise when drowsy Nature sleeps:
 Nor Robbers cruel Bands with dire Controul,
 Break in on this dear Pleasure of my Soul,
 While o'er thy Law sweet Meditations roll:
 Those who revere this Institute of thine,
 Friendship unites their pious Soul with mine.
 O Thou whose Blessings cherish and embrace
 Unnumber'd Worlds* possessing Time and Space,
 Teach me thy Word's unmeasurable Grace.

Ninth Part.

65 Thou ever near my every ardent Prayer!
 Let promis'd Grace with brighter Beams appear:
 LORD, teach my Soul that gracious Truth of thine;
 There I can rest, and every Wish resign.
 My wand'ring Soul by suff'ring learns the Skill
 To keep thy Law, afraid of doing Ill;
 To know thy Will yet stronger Light dispense,
 Thou boundless Fountain of Beneficence;
 Tho' Sons of Pride my Character defame,
 With all my Soul I'll serve Thee, still the same;

D

Thy

* i. e. Creatures of various Kinds, and Forms out of Number.

Thy strictest Laws give Power and Life to me ;
 Ease sinks their Soul in gross Stupidity :
 Thy chastning Rod has wrought me to confess
 Adherence to thy Law is Happiness ;
 Here still to rest affords me greater Joy
 Than golden Heaps, which fordid Minds employ.

Tenth Part.

73 LORD, since I am the Creature of thy Hand,
 Thy heav'nly Doctrine make me understand ;
 My strict Regard to thy instructive Voice,
 The pious Few observing, will rejoice :
 Great Ruler of the World ! I must confess
 Thy Law is just ; thy Rod is Righteousness.
 Yet since with humble Zeal I seek thy Face,
 Revive my Spirit with thy saving Grace.
 To thee, my God, I willingly resign ;
 O meet my Soul with Clemency divine :
 Confound their impious Insolence with Shame
 Who at thy Servant's utter Ruin aim.
 Let my Distress their dear Affection draw
 Who still remain obedient to thy Law.
 O form my Heart sincere to seek thy Praise,
 That Vice bring no Dishonour to thy Ways.

Eleventh Part.

81 My Spirit faints while thy Salvation stays ;
 Yet Hope remains of brighter, happier Days :
 My Eyes grow dim, my Constitution broke,
 I'm like a Bottle mould'ring in the Smoke ;
 Yet pray'rful still amidst my sore Distress,
 O comfort me with promis'd Happiness !

All-gracious God, when shall my Suff'rings end?
 When shall thy Vengeance on my Foes descend?
 The lawless Proud, insidious of Design,
 With ceaseless Toil my Safety undermine,
 Just is thy Law, thy Promises are sure;
 Crush their Designs, their overthrow secure,
 Whose only Cause of restless Enmity
 Is my unchanging Confidence in Thee,
 Let quick'ning Influence from thy Mercy flow;
 And guide my Life to practise what I know.

Twelfth Part.

89 Thy Promises with purest Goodness flow,
 Nor End, nor Change, nor Diminution know;
 While circling Suns shall know to set and rise,
 While starry Flames illuminate the Skies,
 While balmy Spring in Verdure clothes the Fields,
 While glowing Summer golden Harvest yields,
 While joyful Autumns purple Vintage hold,
 While hoary Winter shivers bleak and cold,
 While these remain by thy strict Order bound
 To one unchang'd, and everlasting Round;
 While Earth's deep Centre rests upon thy Hand,
 Faith, on thy Word once fix'd, shall ever stand.

Long since my fainting Life had sunk in Grief,
 Unless thy Law had brought me strong Relief;
 Thy Precepts quickning Life and Power impart,
 Nor shall Oblivion steal them from my Heart;
 I love where'er I see thy Graces shine;
 Save me, O God! for I'm entirely thine:

Nor do I cease to meditate and pray,
While Sinners plot to take my Life away.

Yon' glitt'ring Lamps of Heaven shall cease to
shine ;

This fruitful Earth drain her vast Magazine ;
Wealth, Power and Pomp waste all their gaudy
Store ;

Thy Word alone remains for evermore.

Thirteenth Part.

97 O how my Soul takes Pleasure in thy Law !
Hence all my Thoughts divine Instruction draw ;
Beyond my Foes my Counsel and Design,
Intrigue is theirs ; but heavenly Prudence mine :
More sound Instruction than the Learn'd I gain,
I humble grow ; while Science makes them vain :
My Reach of Thought exceeds the hoary Sage,
Mine cordial Duty ; his but crafty Age.
Left devious Tracts divert my grand Design,
Thy Word I seek, and follow none but thine :
Thou my Instructor, Thou my only Guide,
I from thy Word have never turn'd aside :
Not Honey-comb, delicious sweet Repast,
Is half so grateful to the longing Taste,
As those celestial Sweets thy Words impart,
Guide of my Life, and Solace of my Heart :
To these inur'd, found Practice I embrace,
I shun, I hate, as infinite Disgrace,
As Death, the Footsteps of the lying Race.

Thy

Fourteenth Part.

105 Thy sacred Word to me a Lamp is given,
To guide my Steps through this dark World to
Heaven.

To keep thy Word to Perpetuity
I've bound my Soul by every solemn Tie.
Still mindful of thy Cov'nant, gracious, free,
Redeem my Life from deep Adversity.
O thoroughly teach my Heart thy heav'nly Ways;
Then graciously accept my humble Praise.
My Heart has not forgot thy just Command,
Tho' Dangers press me sore on every Hand;
Nor have I e'er declin'd my pious Care,
Tho' Sons of Death have spread the murd'rous
Snare:

Thy Laws are all my Pleasure, all my Joy,
My Portion these, these all my Thoughts employ;
Grand Scope of Life, my sole remaining Care,
Long as my Spirit draws the vital Air.

Fifteenth Part. [Praise,

113 LORD, as thy Law inspires my Love, my
So impious Minds my strong Abhorrence raise.
No other Hope but Thee, my God, I own;
My Confidence is in thy Word alone.
Ye Impious! hence depart, far hence remove,
Cease to disturb my Duty and my Love;
With Soul unmov'd I choose the Law divine;
To none but this will I my Life resign.

LORD, let thy Word my strong Assistance prove,
Left to vain Hopes I shamefully remove;

Supported thus and safe beneath thy Care,
 Love to thy Ways thro' Life shall persevere.
 The erring Sons of Fraud, my guilty Foes,
 Thy swift pursuing Vengeance overthrows:
 The Vile, cast out like Dross, or worthless Ore,
 My Soul, deep-aw'd, cleaves to thy Word the more.

Just Judge severe! who can thy Stroke sustain?
 The dreadful Thought afflicts my Flesh with Pain,
 My Nerves relax, and shudders every Vein.

Sixteenth Part.

121 Since all my Plea on Love of Justice stands,
 LORD, leave me not in my Oppressors Hands;
 Justice I've sought, for this I've Sufferings born;
 Protect my humble Zeal from haughty Scorn.
 While long I hope Salvation from the Skies,
 The aidful Light forsakes my weary Eyes.
 Thy Bounties, LORD, eternal Circles run,
 O make thy Statutes to thy Servant known.
 To this true Wisdom all his Powers incline;
 Teach him the Mysteries of thy Law divine.
 Soon shall they know who now affront thy Name,
 Unerring Vengeance guards thine awful Claim;
 But still the more these hate thy heavenly Ways,
 The more I love, the more adore thy Grace:
 This darts upon my Eyes with stronger shine
 Than purest Splendors of the golden Mine.
 Thy Precepts I esteem all perfect, pure,
 To these I bend, to these my Soul inure,
 And pass through Life from devious Ill secure.

Thy

Seventeenth Part.

129 Thy Institutes with endless Glories shine,
 Surpassing Praise, all-glorious, all-divine:
 To these my Thoughts stretch their retentive
 Pow'rs;

To these my Life devotes the gliding Hours;
 On stupid Souls these beam a heavenly Ray,
 The chearful Dawn of everlasting Day.

For thy Commands I breathe my ardent Sighs,
 With panting Heart, and ever longing Eyes.

O shew thy smiling Face, and let me prove
 The Bliss those Souls enjoy who taste thy Love.

Bend my whole Conduct to thy Precepts pure,
 And all of Life from reigning Vice secure:

In thy own Paths of Truth be Thou my Guide;
 And guard my Footsteps from insulting Pride.

All-bounteous God, O let thy Favour shine,
 Till every Thought I to thy Law resign;
 This heavenly Law, while Wretches dare despise,
 The Tears pour down like Rivers from my Eyes.

Eighteenth Part.

137 Sole Parent Thou of Heav'n, and Earth, and
 Just is thy Nature, just are all thy Ways; [Seas!
 Thy sacred Laws in full Perfection shine;

Unchanging Truth is every Word of Thine.

With burning Zeal my Spirit faints and dies,

While impious Mortals dare thy Law despise.

Exceeding pure thy Word, my Soul's Desire;

Pure as the Sun-beam's bright, eternal Fire *;

D 4

Not

* Instar ignis.

Nor all the Scorn of impious Souls can move
 From thy Commands my Duty and my Love:
 When the last Shocks dissolving Worlds shall seize,
 Firm stands thy Truth, unmov'd thy kind Decrees:
 Across my Breast when Waves of Trouble roll,
 These bring reviving Pleasure to my Soul.
 Grant me to learn those Institutes of thine;
 This Gift is Life and Pleasure all divine.

Nineteenth Part.

145 Thou Great and Good, whom heavenly Hosts
 adore!

To Thee I cry with every inmost Pow'r:
 My all of Life I offer to thy Will,
 LORD, hear my Prayer and aid my humble Zeal!
 Grace I implore, with ceaseless strong Desire,
 To keep those Precepts I so much admire.
 With wakeful Thought that meets the dawning Ray,
 My God, I cry, thy Word is all my Stay;
 Thro' all the Watches of the silent Night,
 Thy Word is still my Study and Delight.
 Hear, O my God! let wonted Mercy save
 Thy fainting Suppliant from the gaping Grave;
 My graceless Foes, who Justice never knew,
 My Ruin with incessant Toil pursue:
 Draw near, O God! whose Ways are just and true.
 These, like thyself, unchanging still endure
 From Years unknown, till Years shall be no more.

O gracious

Twentieth Part.

153 O gracious God ! regard my mournful Cry,
 Relieve my Woes, and bring Salvation nigh.
 On promis'd Grace are all my Hopes reclin'd,
 Guard of my Life, thy promis'd Grace remind !
 Thy Precepts lest, how sad the Doom of those
 Whom guilty Sloth shall plunge in endless Woes !
 Thou Source of Goodness, boundless, unconfin'd !
 With wonted Succour chear my drooping Mind.
 Not all the Swarms of my Oppressors draw
 My fixed Soul from Duty to thy Law.
 At Sight of those who treat thy Word with Scorn,
 My Spirit grieves and all my Passions mourn.
 With Heart sincere thy Statutes I adore,
 Raise with thy Smile my every inmost Pow'r :
 Thy Promises with Truth and Goodness flow ;
 Nor Shade, nor Change, nor Termination know.

Twentyfirst Part.

161 While cruel Princes would my Life destroy,
 More awful Thoughts thy Institutes employ.
 Thy gracious Words with Pleasure more abound
 Than golden Heaps in secret Caverns found.
 Abhorrent still of Vanity and Lies,
 For sacred Truth my strong Affections rise :
 Thy Truth my Theme, I joy to make it known
 In seven-fold Song with each revolving Sun.
 Abundant Peace those happy Souls enjoy
 Who make thy Statutes their divine Employ :
 No mortal Ills their pious Steps attend,
 But all in Joy immeasurable end.

Thro'

Thro' Aids divine I've kept thy heavenly Ways,
 And only hope Salvation from thy Grace;
 And still the more my Soul to these applies
 The more I find my inward Pleasure rise.
 Thy Statutes, LORD, I constantly pursue;
 For all my Ways are ever in thy View.

Twenty-second Part.

169 O GOD, to whom my every Wish is known,
 Let my strong Cry reach thy all-gracious Throne!
 Give me to know the Mysteries of thy Will;
 I plead thy Word, I plead thy Promise still.
 In Pity to my plaintive Vows incline;
 Protect my Life, since Mercy, LORD, is thine!
 Thy Statutes learn'd, all holy, just, and wise,
 My Lips shall yield the praiseful Sacrifice.
 Help me, O GOD! since Duty to thy Will
 Is all my Choice, my Labour, and my Zeal:
 With longing Soul I for Salvation stay,
 And ever joy thy Precepts to obey:
 Still may thy Judgments guard my humble Claim,
 That I may live to magnify thy Name:
 A wandering Sheep in Tracts of Death I roam,
 LORD, seek my Soul; LORD, bring thy Servant
 home!
 My Heart, though frail, is with thy Law impress'd;
 To this I tend, the Centre of my Rest.

P S A L M

P. S. Buchanan being in this Psalm so exceeding brief and contracted, and many Words alike recurring so often, I have been obliged, in many Places, to take Liberty.

P S A L M CXX.

I.

ALL-GRACIOUS Builder of the Sky!
 To Thee I sought with humble Cry,
 On every Hand when sore distress'd,
 When dreadful War around me press'd;

II.

When Malice burn'd, and Slander rail'd,
 And every human Shelter fail'd,
 Ev'n then, my God! I found thine Ear
 Ever indulgent to my Prayer.

III.

Screen me, thou Holy, Just, and Wise,
 From hollow Souls who deal in Lies;
 Whose Guile conceals intended Wrong,
 Like baneful Venom on their Tongue:

IV.

O Tongue! Inventress of Deceit;
 Thou full of all pernicious Hate!
 What Hope inspires thy vile Intent?
 Why thus on my Destruction bent?

V.

Thou everlasting Friend to Strife!
 Thou noxious Pest of human Life!
 Less sure the *Scythian* kills his Foe
 With poison'd Arrows from his Bow:

VI.

Insatiate still to murder Fame,
Milder than thee the raging Flame,
While wide the fiery Deluge strays,
Whole Forests kindling with the Blaze.

VII.

Hard Life of mine! I'm made to roam,
An anxious Wand'rer, far from Home,
O'er pathless Hills, by gloomy Cells *,
Where Robbers haunt, and Murder dwells.

VIII.

Fatigu'd in Mind, Life tiresome grows,
Consum'd among litigious Foes,
Whose Minds with mortal Spleen possess'd,
Abhor the very Thought of Rest.

IX.

Such Foes, Intreatie's melting Charms
But rouse their fiery Soul to Arms;
Such Foes, sweet Peace but only nam'd,
Their Passions rise with War inflam'd.

* MAPALIA. *Adbuc edificia Numidarum agrestium, quæ mapalia illi vocant, oblonga incurvatis lateribus tecta, quasi navium carinae sunt.* SALLUST. Bellum Jugurth.

P S A L M CXXI.

I.

DREADFUL in Arms when Foes draw nigh,
 Who can with barbarous Pleasure kill,
 For Help I cast a wishful Eye
 Around to every neighbouring Hill.

II.

In vain!—Beneath the rolling Sun
 No sure Defence from Danger lies;
 My certain Help is God alone,
 The LORD who made the Earth and Skies.

III.

Then why, my Heart, this sore Dismay?
 This panting, trembling in my Breast?
 The God of Saints still watching nigh,
 Secures thy Rising and thy Rest.

IV.

Tumultuous Armies cease to fear,
 Constant Protection sure is thine;
 Thy God can ne'er neglect his Care,
 Nor Slumber close the Eye divine.

V.

His gentle Wings of Clemency
 Stretch like a broad defensive Shade
 Of Bucklers waving in the Sky,
 While dangerous Ills thy Life invade.

VI.

Left burning Shafts from Noonday-Suns
Should wound thee with oppressive Light,
Or baleful Damps from wat'ry Moons
Distress thy Slumbers in the Night:

VII.

At home, retir'd from noisy Strife,
Thy God will guard thy Solitude;
Abroad, engag'd in public Life,
Will keep thy Life for public Good,

VIII.

Amid the Dangers of the Fight
His Hand shall ward the deadly Blow;
In happier Days, when States unite,
Sweet Peace shall make thy Plenty flow,

IX.

In Life, through every mazy Ill
Thy gracious God will lead secure;
And bring Thee to his heavenly Hill,
Where Pleasure flows for ever pure,



P S A L M CXXII.

I.

NOW has the ever-rolling Year
Compleat its annual Circuit run;
Hark! Hark! the welcome Messenger,
“Come kneel before JEHOVAH’s Throne.

O joy-

O joyful Day!

O glorious Morn!

Whose silver Ray

Does Heaven adorn.

II.

Now shall my chearful Steps attend

The Worship of his holy Place;

My Soul with glad Devotion bend

Low in the Temple of his Grace:

Majestic Dome!

There Glories shine,

There Mercy beams

With Light divine.

III.

Salem, that happy happy Place,

Once more shalt cheer my longing Eyes;

Salem, with lofty Buildings grac'd,

And Spires ascending to the Skies;

Ennobled more

With holy Throng,

Warbling to Heaven

The lofty Song.

IV.

Bright Centre of united Praise

To pious Tribes of *Isaac's* Line,

Where Numbers pour from every Place,

Their Souls inspir'd with Zeal divine,

Still to obey,

And still adore

Their Father's God

As heretofore.

Fair

V.

Fair City, honour'd of the Sky
 To deal imperial Justice round ;
 There *David's* race enthron'd on high
 Sit with superior Glory crown'd :

By Heaven ordain'd
 To hold the Sway,
 Long as the Sun
 Commands the Day.

VI.

O *Salem* ! royal Patroness
 To younger Cities seated round,
 While these are cherish'd by thy Grace,
 May Peace indulge thy happy Ground :

And every Bliss
 Enjoy'd below
 May all thy Friends
 And Lovers know.

VII.

Sweet Peace, with all her heav'nly Train,
 Within thy Walls for ever dwell ;
 Within thy every fair Domain
 Her copious Hand let Plenty fill ;

Till all around
 Rich Bounty pours,
 As constant as
 The circling Hours.

O sacred *Salem*, greatly blest,
 Seat of the high Eternal KING,
 May heav'nly Peace, thy constant Guest,
 To all thy Courts her Favours bring ;

And

And still to thee
May Blessings flow,
Nor End, nor Change,
Nor Measure know.



An I M I T A T I O N.

Being a New-Year's H Y M N.

I.

NOW has the ever-rolling Year
Complete his annual Circuit run.
Hark! hark! the welcome Messenger;
Come, kneel before your Saviour's Throne,
O joyful Hour!
O glorious Day!
That cheers our Eyes
With heavenly Ray.

II.

Now shall my cheerful Steps attend
The Worship of his holy Place,
My Soul with glad Devotion bend
Low in the Temple of his Grace,
Majestic Place!
There Glories shine,
There Mercy beams
With Light divine.

III.

Sion, that happy happy Place,
 Once more shall cheer my longing Eyes;
Sion, with heavenly Favours grac'd,
Her God descending from the Skies,
 With Gifts divine
 To bless the Throng,
 Warbling to Heaven
 The lofty Song.

IV.

Bright Center of united Praise
 To pious Tribes of heavenly Line,
 Where Numbers pour from every Place,
 Their Souls inspir'd with Zeal divine,
 Ever to serve,
 And still adore
 Their SAVIOUR-GOD
 As heretofore.

V.

Fair *Sion*! honour'd of the Sky
 To spread the Gospel-light around,
 There *David's* Son, enthron'd on high,
 Sits with eternal Glory crown'd;
 To Rule his Saints,
 And hold the Sway,
 Long as the Sun
 Commands the Day.

O heavenly

VI.

O heavenly *Salem*! royal Nurse
To thy young Converts seated round;
While these are cheer'd with heav'nly Grace,
May Peace indulge thy happy Ground,
And every Bliss
Enjoy'd below,
May all thy Friends
And Lovers know.

VII.

Sweet Peace, with all her heavenly Train,
Within thy Walls for ever dwell;
In every sacred Court of thine
Her copious Hand with Plenty fill,
Till all around
Rich Bounty pours
As constant as
The circling Hours.

VIII.

O sacred *Salem*! greatly blest,
Seat of the High eternal King!
May heavenly Peace, thy constant Guest,
To all thy Courts her Favours bring;
And still to thee
May Blessings flow;
Nor end, nor change,
Nor measure know.

PSALM CXXIII.

PSALM CXXIII.

I.

TO thee, my Sovereign Father-God,
To thee I raise my mournful Eye,
Afar in thy sublime Abode,
The radiant Temple of the Sky.

II.

As Servants watch their Master's Hand,
Or wary Maids their Mistress' Eye,
So wait our Souls, till thou shalt send
From Heaven thy bounteous Clemency.

III.

Shew Pity, LORD; let Mercy spare
The Souls devoted to be thine,
Thy Servants, who thy Law revere,
Severely train'd to Discipline.

IV.

LORD, save thy Saints, whom impious Foes
Crush under Foot with haughty Pride;
And all their dreadful Scene of Woes
With cruel Insolence deride.

V.

Our Spirit sickens, faints, and dies
Beneath imperious wealthy Scorn;
Reflexions, Taunts, and Infamies,
Too hard, too cruel to be born.

PSALM

P S A L M CXXIV.

I.

NOW may the House of *Isaac* say,
 Now may their grateful Song confess,
 " Had not the Almighty been our Stay,
 " Immediate Stay in sore Distress,

II.

" When haughty Legions, vain of Power,
 " And deeply thirsting for our Blood,
 " Came rushing on us to devour,
 " Like floating Billows of a Flood;

III.

" In Toils of War too weak to strive,
 " By far too feeble to engage,
 " Our Foes had swallow'd us alive
 " In furious unrelenting Rage.

IV.

" Feeble in Arms, in Number few,
 " While Storms of Death pour'd thro' the Fight,
 " Rapid as Floods from Hills of Snow,
 " For ever we had sunk from Sight;

V.

" Our inmost Soul, that fearful Hour,
 " Our inmost Soul had felt the Sweep,
 " And whirl'd, with swift resistless Power,
 " Down to the Horrors of the Deep."

VI.

Eternal Praise to God on High,
 Who saves his Saints from Scenes of Blood;
 From savage Sons of Perfidy,
 Cruel as Lions of the Wood.

VII.

As the free Natives of the Air
 Swift from the Springe exulting fly,
 So, breaking thro' the wily Snare,
 We hail the Sweets of Liberty.

VIII.

In God, the Almighty LORD of all,
 Our only Hope of Safety lies;
 Whose Right Hand hung this earthly Ball,
 And stretch'd around the starry Skies.

P S A L M CXXV.

STEDFAST as *Sion's* sacred Fortrefs stands,
 Securely fix'd on ever-during Rock,
 Nor trembles at th' outrageous northern Blast,
 Or South Wind, brooding under his black Wings
 The bursting Shower, or batt'ring Hurricane;
 In deep Serenity thus dwells the Man
 Whose pious Hope is center'd in his God;
 Him, hostile Power, or subterraneous Fraud,
 Still, vainly labour to intimidate:

Nay should the vast Expanse of Heaven be rift,
 And Planets, Suns and Stars rush headlong down,
 Unhurt, unmov'd, immortal, he would rise
 Above the crashing Ruins of the Globe*.
 As Mountains, inaccessible to Foes,
 Completely wall the sacred City round;
 So Heaven's eternal LORD surrounds his Saints
 With strong Defence, deep-felt, altho' unseen,
 Nor ever leaves them destitute of Aid.
 He will not leave the Offspring of the Just
 For ever press'd beneath the heavy Yoke
 Of impious unrelenting Cruelty;
 Lest, wearied out with galling Servitude,
 Their Souls degen'rate into sordid Vice.

Almighty God, thou ever-Good and Just,
 Shower on the Good the Blessings of thy Goodness;
 While on the Sons of vile Depravity,
 Seduc'd to leave the Path of sacred Truth,
 And ever bent on crooked ways of Sin,
 Thy Vengeance pours in one continu'd Storm.

E 4

Great

* *Justum et tenacem propositi Virum*

Non civium ardor prava jubentium,

Non vultus instantis tyranni,

Mente quatit solida; neque Ausfer

Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ;

Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:

Si fractus illabatur Orbis,

Impavidum ferient ruinæ.* Hor., Od., iii. l. 3.

• See the Dauphin's Notes on

Si fractus illabatur Orbis,

Great Founder of the World! Parent divine!
 With *Isaac's* Race let Peace for ever dwell:
 Be all within fair *Salem's* happy Walls
 With sweet Tranquillity for ever bless'd.



P S A L M CXXVI.

WHEN the All-potent Ruler of the World
 Commanded *Sion* back from Servitude,
 To re-enjoy her native lovely Plains;
 Her Sons, astonish'd at the gladsome Sound,
 The Soul-transporting News of Liberty,
 Soon felt a strange Commotion rais'd within;
 All Medium lost, their Passions all afloat,
 Now Hope, now Fear, now unexpected Joy;
 And, like the Man arous'd by Morning Light,
 Who faintly recollects his nightly Dream,
 Tho' freed, they scarce believe they walk at large;
 Now smiling Mirth succeeds to flowing Tears;
 Now each, his Joy express'd in loud Acclaim,
 Resounds the Praises of his Fathers God.

Nor less deep Wonder-struck, with Looks
 amaz'd,
 Thus murmur'd to themselves the barbarous
 Throng;
 "Lo the great Father of the Gods has giv'n,
 "In high Regard for this peculiar Tribe,
 "Surprizing Miracles of Love divine!"

Nor

Nor thought they wrong.—For, in his high
 Regard
 For our Salvation, lo his Hand has wrought
 Surprizing Miracles of Love divine.
 For these we testify our grateful Joy.

And now, All-gracious LORD! Parent Supreme!
 Forward the March of our remaining Bands;
 Thro' every Road let thick'ning Legions pour
 With unresisted Course; as when the Floods,
 Drove on by Southern Winds, come rolling down
 With swelling Surge disdainful of Restraint;
 O'erleap their Mound; and with hoarse-sounding
 Murmur,
 Unbridl'd, sweep thro' all th' adjacent Fields.

The Plowman who, with sad distressful Heart,
 And many a Doubt revolv'd, commits his Seed
 To the warm Bosom of the teeming Ground,
 Forbears to grieve soon as the browning Grain
 Swells to Maturity with kindly Showers,
 And hails the Harvest with exulting Joy.

Thus, thus return'd from long and shameful
 Bondage,
 Once more to see with Joy our lovely Fields,
 We consecrate to thee, our Fathers God,
 Eternal Monuments of grateful Praise.

P S A L M CXXVII.

UNLESS the LORD, O Builder, aid thy Toil,
 In vain thou striv'st to rear the stately Pile;
 If

58 P S A L M CXXVII, CXXVIII.

If from the Town the LORD his Guard recall,
 In vain the Midnight-Watchman mounts the Wall;
 In vain that early anxious Care's begun
 Which makes thee start before the Rising Sun;
 Of Home neglectful, vain is that Delay
 Which strains thy Labour out beyond the Day.
 Should once the LORD his gracious Help suspend,
 In meager Want thy Carefulness will end;
 While for his Friends he balmy Rest prepares,
 Pure from black Dreams, the Sediment of Cares:
 Nor in Sterility unblest'd they mourn;
 A lovely Offspring shall their House adorn:
 The dear to God are blest'd from Age to Age
 With this Reward, this living Heritage*;
 With Arrows loaded for the twanging Bow,
 Less threatning looks the Warrior to his Foe;
 The favour'd Man how happy, how secure
 Whose Quiver's fill'd with this defensive Store!
 Thus arm'd, with Countenance unmov'd he'll dare
 His noisy Plaintiff wrangling at the Bar.



P S A L M CXXVIII.

HAPPY, thrice happy is the favour'd Man
 Whom pious Reverence of the LORD pre-
 serves;

Whom

* The Blessing of having a numerous Family, was what was very particularly regarded by those who liv'd in the Patriarchal and *Mosaic* Times, as may be seen in many Scripture-Instances; but under the New-Testament-Dispensation the Promises are more purely Spiritual.

Whom devious Vice solicits still in vain :
 Success shall all thy temperate Wishes crown,
 And from thy Labour flow full Opulence ;
 Thy Spouse, attractive Center of thy Joy.
 Shall kindle Pleasure in thy Breast anew ;
 Thy Joys increasing with thy lovely Babes,
 Endearing Pledges of connubial Love !

Thus clings around thy Walls with amorous
 Twine

The clust'ring Vine, array'd in lively Green :

Thy Children, circling round thy ample Board,
 Show like a beauteous Nursery of Olives
 Well-planted in a kindly growing Soil,
 Vivacious shooting to Maturity.

Thus shall the good Man spend his happy Life,
 Amid sincere, accumulated Joys.
 Thee shall the LORD endow with copious Hand,
 From sacred *Sion's* pompous Magazine :
 While Days remain, thy joyful Eyes shall see
Salem adorn'd with glorious Affluence ;
 And from the utmost Verge of Life look forward
 An Age to come on thy long Progeny :
 While Years and Years of deep Tranquillity
 On *Isaac's* Race shall be thy crowning Joy.



PSALM CXXIX.

NOW may the general Number of the Good
 Exclaim aloud, with one united Voice ;
 " Inur'd

" Inur'd to Sorrows from my earliest Years,
 " The factious Band of Wickedness have found
 " A thousand Mischiefs to insnare my Life:
 " A thousand Mischiefs to insnare my Life
 " The factious Band of Wickedness have found:
 " Yet never could their endless Artifice
 " In all its utmost Stretch complete my Ruin:
 " Their goring Lash has plow'd my tender Sides
 " In purple Furrows, fearful, deep and long!
 " But the All-gracious Father of the World
 " Has broke the Tyrant-Fetters of Restraint,
 " And freed my Life from cruel Servitude."

O may that Man who with unfriendly Eye
 Watches the Downfal of fair *Sion's* Towers,
 For ever vent his spiteful Vows in vain,
 And wear out Life in fostering empty Hopes!
 Dire blasted from the Sky, so may he pine,
 As suddenly beneath a burning Sun
 Withers the spindling Grass of sickly Hue,
 Born on the topmost Ridge of thatchy Dome;
 Nor ever lives the starvling Growth to feel
 The rushing Sickle's unresisted Sweep;
 No Binder finds wherewith to fill his Arms,
 Nor he that lab'ring, mows the flow'ry Mead,
 One single Handful to reward his Toil:
 No Traveller, delighted with the Prospect,
 Foreboding Benediction to the Reapers,
 Thus breaths benevolent the pious Prayer;
 " O lovely Fields, refresh'd with heavenly Dew!
 " Soon be your Harvest bountiful and large;
 " And

“ And may, beneath Indulgencies divine,
 “ Your Fruitfulness remain in future Years.”



P S A L M CXXXIII.

I.

O Grateful to th' immortal Mind,
 Bless'd Love, that makes two Brethren one!
 Sublimier Sweet can Nature find
 In the wide Circle of the Sun?

II.

Not *Aaron's* Breast and reverend Head
 Could with superior Lustre shine;
 Nor o'er his golden Fringes spread
 A balmy Fragrance more divine:

III.

Not fairer *Hermon's* flow'ry Brow
 In all its vernal flowing Bloom,
 Nor *Sion*, ting'd with Silver Dew,
 More brilliant Glory can assume.

IV.

For *Sion's* God will ever bless
 The Houses of Fraternal Love,
 With lasting Honours of his Grace;
 Nor Age shall waste, nor Time remove.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

I.

O Ye, the bless'd devoted Guard
Who nightly watch JEHOVAH's Fane,
With chearful Praises bless the LORD,
While Shades and solemn Silence reign;

II.

And while your Notes at Midnight Hour
Sweetly sonorous glide along,
Let lifted Hands and Passions pure
Keep even Measure with your Song.

III.

The Founder of the Earth and Skies
Will this your Care of *Sion* own,
Her Guardian-God will you supply
With chosen Blessings from his Throne.



P S A L M CXXXVI.

I.

O Praise the LORD! his Goodness own,
Which shall endure thro' Years unknown;
To Him let endless Honours rise,
The God! Supreme of Deities:

To

II.

To Him high Lords their Scepters bow,
Sole Monarch of the World below.

Praise Him, whose Mercy, like his Pow'r,
To endless Ages shall endure.

III.

Praise Him, who spreads his Signs abroad,
The only Wonder-working God;
Whose wond'rous Wisdom fix'd the Pole,
And made the circling Planets roll;

IV.

Who bade the Earth her Bosom heave
Above the Ocean's yielding Wave;
Praise Him, whose Mercy, like his Pow'r,
To endless Ages shall endure:

V.

Who plac'd in Heav'n's high azure Frame
Ten thousand Globes of rolling Flame;
The genial Sun to rule the Day,
And Blessings round the World convey;

VI.

The Silver Moon o'er Night to reign;
With all her sparkling Starry Train;
Praise Him, whose Mercy, like his Pow'r,
To endless Ages shall endure:

Whose

VII.

Whose Vengeance blasted *Pharaoh's* Pride,
 When *Egypt's* First-born Offspring dy'd;
 Who brought his *Isaac's* darling Train
 Unhurt from *Zoan's* hostile Plain:

VIII.

Who made the ruddy Ocean cleave,
 And into stiffning Mountains heave;
 Led *Abra'm's* Offspring down the Steep
 Thro' riven Billows of the Deep;

IX.

But headlong plung'd 'midst Ocean's Roar
Pharaoh's proud Car with all his Pow'r;
 And led secure his Chosen Care
 Thro' pathless Wilds and burning Air:

X.

Whose Power made stubborn Tyrants yield
 To righteous Slaughter in the Field;
 Whose Arm, the Impious tempt in vain,
 Laid haughty *Sihon* on the Plain;

XI.

And Giant *Og*, profanely bold,
 In his own dying Crimson roll'd;
 And both their Lands a Portion gave
 To those his Mercy chose to save;

Even

XII.

Even to *Isaac's* fav'rite Line,
The hostile Fields of *Palestine*,
Praise Him, whose Mercy, like his Pow'r,
To endless Ages shall endure :

XIII.

Praise Him, who made our Wants his Care,
Who freed us from destructive War.
Praise Him, whose Mercy, like his Pow'r,
To endless Ages shall endure :

XIV.

Who Life and Food for all provides;
Whose Hand each starry System Guides:
Praise Him, whose Mercy, like his Pow'r,
To endless Ages shall endure.



P S A L M CXXXIX, to Verse 12.

Done from the English Translation.

I.

GREAT God, to whose impartial View
All Things appear ; but nothing new :
Thine Eye has search'd me through and through.

II.

Thou see'st my Motion and my Rest,
Know'st every Thought within my Breast,
Ere Thoughts can be in Words express'd.

F

My

III.

My every Power is known to Thee;
 Whate'er I think, or do, or be,
 Is from thy Notice never free.

IV.

That Hand divine which built my Frame,
 And warm'd it with a vital Flame,
 Is, to support me, still the same.

V.

Could stupid Infidelity
 Pervert that Love I owe to Thee,
 Where from thy Presence could I flee?

VI.

If up to Heaven I take my Flight,
 Thy glorious Throne o'erwhelms my Sight
 With blazing Majesty and Light.

VII.

Thro' horrid Shades and black Despair,
 If to Hell's Center I repair,
 Array'd in Terrors thou art there.

VIII.

If, rising with the Morning Ray,
 I reach those Realms beyond the Sea,
 Whose Barriers catch the falling Day,

IX.

Surpriz'd, even there I meet thy Hand,
 And Vengeance waits where'er I stand,
 To bind thy Rebel on the Strand.

Should

X.

Should I, to shun impeaching Light,
Implore the Shadows of the Night,
No Darkness hides me from thy Sight.

XI.

Heaven, Earth and Hell, to thee are known,
And Night and Day are both but one
Unchanging undeclining Noon.



P S A L M CXLVIII.

I.

GIVE to the LORD immortal Praise,
All ye blest Choirs that dwell on High;
Ye Saints at happy Distance plac'd
From all of frail Mortality.

II.

Ye, blest with strong immortal Eyes,
Behold JEHOVAH's Glories shine;
Then at the dazzling Prospect raise
Your Songs eternal, all divine.

III.

Ye Angels praise your Maker's Name;
Ye shining Guards around his Throne,
Ye Armies swift, and bright as Flame,
Who joy to make his Orders known.

IV.

JEHOVAH praise, thou glorious Sun,
 Bright Fountain of diurnal Light:
 Praise Him, thou beauteous silver Moon,
 Queen-Regent of the silent Night.

V.

Ye Constellations fix'd on High,
 With every twinkling starry Flame,
 Through the vast Concave of the Sky,
 Reflect his Praise with every Beam.

VII.

Praise Him, ye rapid Orbs above,
 And Waters in perlucid Air,
 Where'er your winding Courses rove
 The GOD's unchanging Glory bear.

VIII.

His firm Decree gives fixed Laws
 To all the shining Worlds above;
 Hence each its Rest, or Motion draws,
 Nor farther e'er presumes to move.

IX.

To praise his Name, ye Dragons dire,
Conceal'd in dreary dismal Caves,
With each enormous Whale conspire,
That Ocean's briny Bosom laves.

X.

Ye scorching Fires, and chilling Snow,
Soft vap'ry Mist, and clatt'ring Hail,
Whirlwinds that Heaven's high Order know,
Unite with every breezy Gale.

XI.

Fair Hills, where Vegetation smiles;
Mountains, with bare and rugged Breast;
Trees where the Peasant never toils;
And those with human Culture blest;

XII.

Beasts, or subdued to human Power
That peaceful Crop your flow'ry Food;
Or fierce, in barren Deserts roar,
With all your savage yelling Brood.

XIII.

Each mingle in JEHOVAH's Praise;
With every Bird of lofty Wing;
Ye Reptiles too, of tardy Pace,
From humble Dust his Praises sing.

XIV.

Kings, form'd to keep the World in Awe;
 Free States; with all the Vassal-Poor;
 Judges on High, pronouncing Law;
 JEHOVAH as your LORD adore.

XV.

Young Men, in sprightly Vigor gay,
 With ardent Zeal your Voices raise;
 Ye Virgins, tune the softer Lay
 Harmonious to JEHOVAH's Praise.

XVI.

Ye Children, aid the holy Strife;
 Ye hoary Heads, your Numbers join,
 And from the utmost Verge of Life
 Respire your Souls in Hymns divine.

XVII.

From Earth, and Skies, and Worlds unknown,
 Be every praiseful Sacrifice;
 Let all JEHOVAH's Empire own
 Who owns no other Deities.

XVIII.

But let the Saints of *Isaac's* Line,
 Those Favourites of th' eternal KING,
 Complete the Choir * with Notes divine,
 And evermore his Glory sing.

* REV. V. 11, 12, 13, 14.

—And I heard the Voice of many Angels round about the
 Throne, and the Beasts, and the Elders: and the Number of
 them

them was ten thousand times ten Thousand, and Thousands of Thousands; saying, with a loud Voice, Worthy is the Lamb which was slain to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing. And every Creature which is in Heaven, and on the Earth, and under the Earth, and such as are in the Sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and Honour, and Glory, and Power be unto him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. *Amen.*

P. S. The Edition of *Buchanan* that I have constantly made use of, is the *London* Edition, small Octavo, Printed 1686, with the collectaneous Notes of *N. Chytraeus*; whoever reads his Notes on the nineteenth and on the one hundred and twenty-fifth Psalms, will see my Reason for placing the two Odes of *Horace* at the End of the Psalms.

Examine how your Humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling Passion of your Mind;
Then seek a Poet who your way does bend,
And choose an Author as you choose a Friend:
And by improving what was said before,
Invention labours less, but Judgment more.

Earl of *Roscommon's* ESSAY on *Translating Verse.*



them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands
of thousands: saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the
Lamb which was slain to receive Power, and Honour, and
Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Bless-
ing. And every Creature which is in Heaven, and on the
Earth, and under the Earth, and such as are in the Sea, and
all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and Honour, and
Glory, and Power be unto him that sitteth upon the Throne,
and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.

P. S. The Edition of Baskin's that I have con-
stantly made use of, is the former Edition, small
Octavo, Printed 1682, which the collator
Notes of M. C. writes: whoever reads the Notes
on the nineteenth and on the one hundred and
twenty-fifth Verses will see my Reason for
placing the two Odes of Virgil at the End of
the Psalms.

Examine how good Honour is inclin'd
And which the lasting Edition of your Mind
Then seek a Poet who your way doth find
And choose an Author as you choose a Friend
And by improving what we find become
Invention labour less, but Judgment more
End of Baskin's Edition of the Psalms



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First Part of the Third Ode of the Third Book

of Horace. **ADDITIONAL**

P I E C E S.

To Err is human, to Forgive divine. POPE.



C O N T E N T S.

ODE Thirty-four of the First Book of
Horace.

First Part of the Third Ode of the Third Book
of *Horace.*

A Meditation among the Tombs.

A Meditation on a Flower-Garden.

A Meditation on the Starry Heavens.

Written at the Request of a Friend who had
lately been reading Mr *Hervey.*

ODE



O D E XXXIV.

Of the First Book of *HORACE*.

Porcus Deorum, &c.

TH O' negligently heretofore
 I did the Powers Divine adore,
 And to the immortal Deities
 Preferr'd a slender Sacrifice;
 Since Principles much more sincere
 Have turn'd my Sails I backward steer;
 Aw'd by the God whose powerful Arm
 Can Heav'n and Earth at once alarm,
 Whose burning Car rolls thro' the Clouds,
 And Lightnings burst their sable Shrouds.
 In how much more majestic Mein,
 And dreadful Pomp the God is seen
 When thund'ring in a Sky serene *?

} His

* *Plerumque per purum.*] I, who was formerly an Epicurean, am now obliged to confess the Being of a God; for I lately heard the Thunder rolling in a clear unclouded Sky, which usually, *plerumque*, proceeds from natural Causes, when the Firmament is covered with Clouds.

By placing a Comma after *plerumque*, the Sense and Connexion are plain.

See the Reverend Mr *Francis's* Translation of this Ode, with the Notes annexed,

Post

His riving Shafts, with dreadful Aim,
 Shake universal Nature's Frame;
 Earth jars with the portentous Blow,
 And Rivers quiver as they flow,
 Dread sits on *Atlas*' tow'ring Brow,
Taenarus to the Seats below
 Protracts the Sound thro' dreary Caves,
 To *Styx*' impervious gloomy Waves.

His boundless Power and Providence
 On Earth their various Lots dispense,
 To dazzling Pomp that strikes our Eyes
 Sometimes th' obscurest Mortals rise;
 Anon their Favours they recall,
 And the World echos with their Fall.



O D E III.

Of the Third Book of *HORACE*.

Former Part. *Iustum et tenacem*, &c.

THE Man of just and fixed Soul
 No civil Faction can controul,

Nor Tyrant's haughty Frown,
 Nor Auster's dire tempestuous Howl,
 That makes the Sea in Mountains roll,
 Can bear his Courage down:

Or

Post necem Cæsaris, reverso ab Apollonia et ingrediente
 eo urbem, repente liquido ac puro sereno, circulus ad speciem
 cœlestis arcus orbem Solis ambit: ac subinde Juliæ Cæsaris
 filiae monumentum idum est. SUTTON. *Octav. August.* 95.

Or though the Arm of mighty Jove,
With keenest Lightning from above,
Spread Death in every Form;
Around let Thunderbolts be hurl'd,
That cleave the Skies, and crush the World,
He lives above the Storm.



A MEDITATION among the TOMBS.

2 Tim. i. 10.

— Our Saviour JESUS CHRIST — *bath abolished
Death, and bath brought Life and Immortality
to light through the Gospel.*

FROM Mirth's enchanting Lure, Wine,
Music, Song,
Pleasure evanid as the painted Cloud!
Remote, the Muse pursues a Theme severe;
Nor boasts Retreat, but born to be unknown:
Yet happy still, dear Friend, while known to
Thee.

O *Strephon*, Partner of my Joys and Cares!
The Voyage we make how short? We soon ar-
rive

Where Life's swift rolling Current disembogues,
Lost in Duration's Ocean dark and deep.
Pale Death, stern grizly Terror! fiercely storms
With

With equal Force, the Hutt, the Hall, the
 Tower*,
 Insults alike his Lordship, and his Page,
 The Wife, the Fool, the Coward, and the Brave,
 The Rich, the Poor, the Monarch and the Slave;
 Fell Tyrant! nor disdains the feeblest Victim.

See prostrate laid beneath his Iron Lance
 An Infant, frail dim Speck of Entity!
 Child of a Day, mere Shadow of a Dream,
 Inglorious Conquest! but thrice happy Stranger!
 No sooner lifted but with Victory crown'd;
 While Life, to us, is Warfare drawn at length,
 Ten thousand Deaths we suffer, Thou but one,
 And that, than ours ten thousand times more mild;
 Beyond our Thought how smooth descends thy
 Shaft

Not barb'd with conscious Guilt, Fear, dire Re-
 flexion
 On Time ill-spent, Life's Warfare ill sustain'd;
 And, wash'd in Jesus dying Blood, thy Wound
 Closes, how instantaneous! —

Far distant from the City's noisy Throng,
 Life's gay Parade, and Pleasure's airy Round,
 Low in this dark Recess young *Florio* lies,
Florio once happy in the Bloom of Life;
 Officious Nature pour'd with lavish Hand,
 And Plenty fill'd her Horn for future Years,

Hymen

* Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
 Regumque tures. O beate Sexti, *inchoare*
 Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat ~~inchoare~~ longam.

Jam te premet nox. —

HOR. L. 1. Ode 4.

Hymen attendant with his flaming Torch;
But while we fondly gaz'd, and fondly hop'd,
Swift flew the Fury with her horrid Sheers
And snipp'd the thin-spun Life.—So have we seen
Spring from his purple Bed the Prince of Day;
But e'er arriv'd to his Meridian height,
Muffle his Glory in a pitchy Cloud.

Beneath this letter'd Stone *Euphronius* sleeps
Whose Soul was blest'd with every heav'nly Charm,
Grace, Sweetness, Candor, Friendship, Social Good-
ness,

These, dear *Euphronius*, once were richly thine;
Fair Blossoms of Eternity; but lent

To beautify and bless our World a Day,
Then disappear and seek their native Skies!

How long had Modesty thy Worth conceal'd
From human Eyes, but for its innate Beams;
True Worth's a Fire by its own Light reveal'd,
Nor modest Bashfulness can hide for ever.

Glow-Worms may glimmer still without regard,
Frail Offspring of the Ground! not so the Stars.

Thoughtless, supine, reclines the Statesman's
Head,

To public Business bred, vers'd in Intrigue,
Able to plan; and clear to extricate

Embarraas'd States in Contest deep involv'd:
Powerless the Hand that once could snatch the

Reins

Of Government and fetter Tyranny.

What speaks the imperious Pyramid but this,

Brutus, Gustavus, Nassau, are no more?

Mix'd

Mix'd with the common Mold here lies a Hero
 Once, vain of Life, and prodigal of Blood;
 Sad Trophy of the Grave's resistless Power!
 That Brow, once dread of Armies, frowns in
 Marble;
 Feeble Effort! last Gasp of dying Glory!
 Fame, when inscrib'd on the proud Parian Stone,
 Pale meager Ghost of Immortality,
 Stands hovering on Oblivion's utmost Verge.

But were Inscriptions proof to wasteful Time,
 That eats up Monuments of hammer'd Steel,
 Is Honour, Fame, Renown, the Whole of Man?
 His total Acquisition? This the all
 Of restless labouring Hands, and plodding Brains?
 Of arduous sweatful Days, and sleepless Nights?
 Of Sieges, Battles, Marches, long Campaigns?
 Deep ghastly Wounds, and Scars call'd Honorary?

Great *Cæsar* conquers on *Pbarfalian* Plains,
 With Laurel-Wreaths binds his victorious Brows,
 With Trophies fills the crowded Streets of *Rome*,
 Writes *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, † on his Shield:
 Proud Motto! dazzl'd with his blazing Glory,
 A thoughtless Victim to the Altar led
 In flow'ry Bands, with glittering Streamers dress'd,
 Pale Envy pours his Crimson on the Ground*.
 What Cottager, what crippled Invalid,
 His Story reads, envies his Happiness?

And

† *i. e.* I but came, and look'd upon my Enemy, and over-
 came him.

* *Quæ omnia velut insulæ in destinatum morti victimam
 congrebantur. FLORUS.*

And is this All? can Marbles only boast
 The Spoils and Ravages of Death and Time;
 Or Names condemn'd to Immortality,
 Their Greatness built on Ruins of the World;
 Fame worse by far than black Annihilation,
 That dread of Souls? * Is Innocence confin'd
 To private Life? sole Bliss of the Obscure?
 Happy Recess! Still may I live unknown,
 If to be Glorious, to be Great, is Vice;
 Or if not Vice, Hazard beyond Expression
 Of acting Ill!—But Pause a while, dear *Strepson*!
 Look once again,—here lies another Hero,
 Surpassing *Cæsar* far in Conquest, Fame;
 But first himself by heavenly Grace subdu'd,
 His Sword revers'd, his daring Arms resign'd,
 A willing Captive led in happy Triumph;
 Beneath the Banner of his Saviour God
 His Name inroll'd; far different War he seeks,
 New Labours, Dangers, Glories fix his Views;

G

Now

* Whatever false Varnish Historians and Poets may put upon Devastation and Cruelty, the great and dreadful God never mentions these in Scripture but as Vices; never speaks of them but in threatening Language, and with infinite Abhorrence.

With what Magnificence of Irony is the Fall of that imperious cruel Tyrant the King of *Babylon* represented, *Isaiab* xiv. 4—17? His Descent to the infernal Shades puts all the Inhabitants of Hell into a Commotion.

“It were a miserable Consolation, said one, for me, after
 “I am dead to be praised where I am not; and to suffer
 “where I am.”

Now all his Thoughts in Virtue's Circle move;
 These form the Hero with a God-like Grace,
 Not fierce, not raging in the doubtful Fight;
 In Conquest cruel, avaricious, vain;
 But mild as Morn, beneficent as Day,
 His Lustre shines to all; eclipses none:
 That Glory darkens none which all admire.

Intrepid Gardiner, Name to Britons dear!
Marshals his Bands, and waves his glittering Sword,
 With arduous Might he strives to Stem the Tor-
 rent

Of Death, and Devastation rolling on
 By Biggots, Rebels, Banditt', Mountain-Thieves:
 In Fire and Smoke he meets the barbarous Host,
 But, O the Thought! Insidious Death pursues
 The Hero; leaves the Coward and the Villain:
 Sad turn of War! yet Basis of his Fame,
 Stedfast as Mountains of eternal Brass:
 Victor in dying, like his dying LORD;
 And by his Sov'reign crown'd upon the Field.
 FAITHFUL TO DEATH, the Motto on his Arms*.
 Glory how far transcending Patriot *Brutus*,
 (Plunging his murd'rous Dagger in his Breast)
 Raving in Death, "VIRTUE, thou empty
 "Name!"

Thus on Eternity's bright Margin stands,
 To stimulate us mortal Combatants,
 The Victor's Prize, the Palm for ever green,
 Blooming with Life, a massy Crown of Glory,
 A royal

* See the Colonel's Life, written by Dr Doddridge.

A royal Robe of undecaying Light,
Beaming with Splendors fadeless as the Sun.

But is the Prize of Life like that of Fame
On the extreme of some high Mountain plac'd,
Hard of Access, and scarce attainable
By strongest Spirits of exalted Fire,
Beyond the Reach, almost beyond the Hope
Of the Low, Humble, Weak; though still Sincere?
Not so: behold, thy SAVIOUR holds the Prize
Of endless Life within thy Reach, O CHRISTIAN!
Let humble Faith but reach the trembling Hand,
Let Penitence disclose the gushing Tear,
“ Behold, He cries, the Crown of Life is thine,
“ Bought with my Blood; from Grace alone
“ bestow'd.”



A Meditation on a Flower-Garden.

RELEAS'D from dreary Vaults, and mould'ring
Tombs,
Replete with Midnight Shade, Confusion, Horror;
Joyful the Muse aspires to upper Air!
Nor shall th' Attempt, tho' feeble, be in vain,
While JESUS' Glory consecrates the Song.
His Praise my Subject, can I want a Theme
While Earth upon its solid Center rests,

84 *A Meditation on a Flower-Garden.*

While heavenly Orbs perform their Revolutions,
Sable the Night, radiant the rising Morn,
Sparkling the Dew, grateful the springing Breeze,
Soft smiles the Spring, blushes the Summer's
 Rose,

Clusters the Vine, ripens the golden Grain,
Sav'ry the Peach, and fragrant the Parterre?
Loft in a flow'ry Wilderness I rove,
Profuse of balmy Odors: Sweet Confusion!
Jesus! his Praise I seek; but can I fail
To see his Glory wander where I will?

Reflecting Rays of Him glitters the Dew,
More brilliant far than all the shining East.
In Him each Grace in full Perfection shines;
Not with a transient momentary Blaze,
But one unvaried everlasting Light.

Sweet Shade of Him blushes the Summer's
 Rose,

Disdainful of the Pencil's feeble Aim:
By Heav'n enrich'd its glowing Bosom sheds
Fragrant Effluvia thro' the ambient Air:
But what are Sweet and Fair to Sharon's Rose!
Poor to excess all Art and Nature binds
Within the copious Girdle of the Sun,
To charm the Sense, and captivate the Soul:
What Angel's Touch can mingle Colours here?
Description languishes, Ideas faint;
And Nature, dress'd in all her vernal Bloom,
Modest, withdraws to Blush behind her Veil.

In Praise of Jesus' Name the Lily shines,
Fair Emblem of his spotless Innocence,

Beauty

Beauty un sullied as the falling Snow ;
Pure as the Beams shot from the Morning-Star.

Once He, Incarnate God, would dwell below,
Refusing Eminence, meek, patient, lowly ;
But lost how soon created Lowliness ?

Short the Descent of Angels from the Skies
To mix with sordid Reptiles of the Ground,
Creature with Creature join'd, Noble with Base ;
The utmost Boast of Cherub's Condescension.
Here Wonder fails, for All with Nothing joins.

Type of his boundless Grace, the mantling
Vine

Stretches her Tendrils o'er her patron Wall :
In her green Foliage broods her Embryo Cluster,
Just kindling into Life from Summer Suns,
To grace with purple Pyramids the Board,
With sparkling Juice the exhilarating Bowl.

But JESUS is the true immortal Vine,
From Him, as from their Root, his Saints derive
Their Faith, their Hope, their Love, their ev'ry
Grace ;

Revigorate by Him their Graces flourish,
On Him depend, and in his Life they live,
Exhaustless, boundless Spring of Life divine !
Here He regales his Fav'rites at his Board,
Here in his House they taste his heavenly Love,
More fragrant far than generous flowing Wine ;
With Him their Souls for evermore shall drink,
The rich immortal Wine of Paradise.

A Meditation on the Starry Heavens.

AS oft th' ambitious restless Flame is seen
To seek its native Sphere with upright
Beam ;

Yet quivering still, and fainting in Mid-way,
So points the trembling Muse to parent Skies,
By sacred Ardor prompted oft to soar ;
Yet still repress'd by dull Mortality.

Nor strange this Cause: From loveliest rural
Scenes

To heavenly Glories, boundless Grace display'd
In saving Man by God's eternal Son,
Who made his Cross our Ladder to the Skies,
Subject of high Concern, mysterious Theme,
Dazzling to Seraphims, bold the Transition,
Advent'rous Flight! beyond the Bounds of
Time,

Distance immense! above an Angel's Wing.
O may the great Redeemer aid the Song!

Glory effulgent! He of DEITY *
Possess, ere Space was fill'd or Ages roll'd.
His powerful Word gave teeming Nature Birth ;
In Darknes' Swadling-Band his Hand inrob'd
A rising World of Waters, broad and deep,
Ere Mountains rose, or Skies their Azure spread †.
Yet HE, great FATHER of Eternity,

ANCIENT

* Heb. i. 3.

† Job xxxviii. 8, 9.

ANCIENT OF DAYS, for Man became an Infant ;
Was meanly swath'd, and in a Manger laid.

But O the Thought ! a God in human Form,
In Infant-Form, diminutive of Mortal ;
Expos'd to Want, Want deepned to Distress ;
All this for helpless, worthless, dying Man,
By Sin debas'd beneath Brutality ;
This the first Step of an Incarnate God
Into our vile inhospitable World ?

This Usage born from those he came to save ?
Almighty Love ! where will thy Wonders end ?

His powerful Arm hung all the Lamps of
Heav'n,

And blaz'd the Skies with all their rolling Fires.

JESUS, amid the splendid Lights on high,
Is the bright Morning-Star to Earth's dark Orb ;
He brings the first kind Beam of heav'nly Grace,
Soft, sweetly gliding thro' the Gloom of Night,
This, this alone revives our drooping Souls
With the fair Dawn of Immortality.

By his all-potent Order shines the Sun,
Source of the genial Day, by him performs
His ceaseless Revolutions round the Globe,
To fix the certain Bound of Light and Shade,
Refil with Light fair *Cynthia's* silver Horn,
Warm the black Poles, and regulate the Year.

JESUS whom We adore, He is our Sun,
He makes our Day : His bright refulgent Wings
Shed Vigor, Health and Life on dying Souls.

This bright all-glorious Sun of Righteousness
For Man's eclips'd behind a dreadful Cloud

Of Wrath divine. All Nature stood amaz'd;
 The Lamp of Day his sickly Beams withdrew
 From the dread Sight of Earth's expiring LORD;
 Convulsive Shocks seize the affrighted Globe,
 And solid Rocks rend with his dying Groans:

But why for Man the Wrath of Heaven endur'd?
 O why from Man the Curse divine transferr'd?
 Why Death for Him dismounted from his Throne?
 Why broke for Him the brasen Gates of Hell?
 Why open to the trembling Penitent
 Th' eternal Doors of heav'nly Paradise;
 When Rebel-Angels left, for ever Groan
 Beneath old *Tophet's* ever-burning Pile?

Cease to inquire: Check the presuming Thought:
 Can Creature know where God no Reason gives?
 Wonder and Praise is all that Seraphs know:

'Tis theirs with deepest Reverence to cry,
 "O KING of Saints, thy Ways are just and true:"
 Theirs with eternal Ardor to prolong,

"Glory to God on high; Good-will to Men,
 "Worthy the Spotless Lamb that once was
 "Slain;

"Worthy the Lamb that on Mount *Sion* stands,
 "Of endless Hallelujah, Blessing, Praise,
 "From all on Earth; and all above the Skies."

Thus hail the Angel-Choirs our heav'nly Sun,
 Rising from Death's impenetrable Gloom
 In all the Glories of immortal Life:

Thus Saints redeem'd adore their Saviour God
 Rising triumphant over Hell and Sin,
 In all the Glories of Omnipotence.

And

And did the SAVIOUR die?—for Mortals die?
Could no less Price redeem the guilty Race
Than the dear Blood of an incarnate God?
Where's then the Pride, the daring Arrogance
By modern Wit so keenly satyriz'd,
“ This Universe, with all its Furniture,
“ A large commodious Dwelling built for Man:
“ To yield him Food fresh springs the fertile
“ Glebe,
“ To quench his Thirst the silver Torrent rolls,
“ To cheer his Heart gushes the purple Vine,
“ To light his Steps shine all the Lamps of
“ Heaven?”

Why proud the Thought, why fraught with
Insolence,
That Suns, and Stars, unanimated Fires,
Should light his Steps for whom their Maker dy'd,
Whose Presence fills immensity of Space,
Whose Bounty feeds innumerable Worlds,
Whose Glory darkens all the Lights of Heaven,
Crouded in one vast complicated Blaze?

So shall Earth find in that tremendous Hour
When his strong Fires shall seize the vaulted Sky,*
Absorb the Sun and melt the Planets down.
When his Almighty Voice from Dust shall raise
Ten thousand Suns more glorious than the first,
And fadeless as Eternity itself.

“ Am I a Candidate for those new Heavens,
“ Where Righteousness builds her eternal Throne
“ Above

* 2 Pet. iii. 11, 12, 13.

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- “ Above the height of ruinable Skies ?
“ Avails it then within the gliding Morn —
“ What Soil, what Mountains rise, what Rivers
“ flow,
“ What People live, and what is their Employ ?
“ Learning, how vain ! the Gospel disregarded :
“ A dreary Blaze, a smokey Midnight Torch,
“ Lighting the Pride-struck Vice-corrupted Soul
“ In Funeral Pomp, to her infernal Grave.
“ Great SAVIOUR of our Orb ! be thou my
“ Sun ;
“ May thy bright Beams illuminate my Path,
“ And guide my dark bewilder'd Steps to thee :
“ This is the *All* I wish on Earth to know ;
“ Nor Heaven itself can more than this
“ bestow.”

O thou, to whose all-searching Eye
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean naked lie !
To thee I sigh, to thee complain ;
Or canst thou doubt ? or dare I feign ?
To thee I seek, to thee alone,

To whom my inmost Thoughts are known ;
Can I from thee one Wish conceal ?
Dost thou not judge ere I appeal ?

Would not my Soul to thee aspire
In purer Flames of strong Desire,
Thou Source of endless Glories more
Than spotless Cherub ever wore ?

Can I endure the Thought, Exile ?
Or *Life* and *Absence* reconcile ?

Absent

Absent from thee!—does not the Pain
Deep pierce my Heart through every Vein?

This spacious Earth, were it my Throne,
Nay, could I call the Stars my own,
Would I not both with Joy resign
For leave to hope that I am thine?

Thou ever Good as thou art Great,
Whose highest Throne's a Mercy-seat,
Thy Smile's a Favour more divine
Than were a starry Kingdom mine.

John xxi. 17. Psalm lxxiii. 25. Psalm iii. 3.

GLORY TO GOD. *Amen.*

The E N D.

